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## OUT OF THE SHADOW.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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You did not think, who blindly were forsworn  
In alien arms, that I might come some day  
And greet you from the first dawn of my youth,  
Clean and unsullied by a worldly chance.  
You did not dream once in those hot bright dreams,  
When earth so madly called you from the height,  
And your soul answered, stumbling down the path,  
That you might wake one day, and you might crave  
Another soul as fair as once you were.  
You did not think to keep yourself withdrawn  
From things that soil, that one day you might look  
With equal courage into equal eyes.  
You did not think of this when self besought  
The gifts of selfishness, nor dared to spurn  
The contumacious alms you paid your soul  
To keep its silence.

Then, as morning light  
Comes to a night of tempest,—thus you say—  
I came. My path led close beside your own;  
You stretched your arms and plead with eloquent eyes—  
I knew not then the uses of your eyes,  
What they had charmed, nor how, nor when, nor where.  
To me they seemed the eyes of chivalry,  
Of all that I had loved in union blent.  
They drew me no less surely than your arms,—  
I knew not then what others these had held.  
Knew! I knew nothing! Maiden solitude  
Had never brooded deeper than had mine,  
Rapt in the contemplation of a world

Serenely good. Nay, listen, I'll not weep;  
I am too sad for tears; their time is past.

Well, thus I came, unquestioning; and thus  
You loved me, as a young and saving grace  
Borne from far heaven to lift your spirit up  
And teach you new philosophies of life—  
A pool where you might bathe and wash you white.  
And I—God help me!—loved you as the rare  
Bloom of my life; the ultimate good of things;  
The crown of all—my husband; blushing even  
To speak the name, so sacred seemed the sound  
To the child-soul of the incipient woman.  
Then, passing all the rest, the pride, the hope,  
The exquisite trust, the simple hidden faith  
In worshipping you—aye, there I sinned indeed,  
For true it is, in thinking thus of you  
I thought less of my God: a costly fault,  
As later I have learned in weary pain.

Then, after this fresh happiness had passed  
Into a calmer joy, one day you paused  
Beside me, and, with strange-accountred words  
That needed some translation to my ear,  
You told me of the others you had loved;  
Told me the ancient story of the world;  
Told me the inmost secret of your past,  
And spared me nothing, not a single lash  
Of the enscorpioned whip that struck me dumb.  
I rose up, you remember. It was night,  
And darker night within my stricken soul.  
I rose and looked at you when you had done,  
Nor knew the pain you smothered with your words:  
(I told you I knew nothing. 'Twas in me  
The ignorance of my virtue, as in you  
The ignorance had been sin—I know not why).  
I looked, but could not speak. I went away  
To hide myself, to hide the shame your own  
Had put on me, your wife, your second self,  
Your—there's the wound—your very worshipper.

From then, even as you say . . . . I have been changed;  
Yet you were brave in the confessional,  
And I not brave. I dreamed alone for hours,  
And moaned a thousand times you had not kept  
Your heart unsullied for my special shrine;  
Shut your face out, cried often unto God  
To know why you were you, and I was I,  
Or some such infant-prattling in His ears.  
And when the strain was over, came out pale,  
And trembled in your arms, and saw your eyes  
Were full of tears I had not seen before,  
And felt my heart slow melting against yours—  
You cried out at my kisses, "they were cold."  
I pressed you closer. Was it pity or love  
That surged into my soul? I do not know.  
Yet all these years it has sufficed; for Love  
Has infinite vistas, and through aisles of stars  
Moves, humbly, toward the eternal Altar Light.

Now leave me, love; I weary, and would rest.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.